



THE PATENT PNEUMATIC TENNIS-BALL HUNTING COSTUME. FALLING A PLEASURE.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

A Quid pro Quo.

OH, bother! VAL, there's someone at the door.
I hate that knocker. VAL! Do answer. VAL!
Why *can't* he ever listen? VALENTINE!
At last! There's someone knocking at the door.
I wish you'd go and find out what they—JANE?
You know as well as I do JANE's in bed:
Why, with her vaccinated arm, of course.
Although—ELIZA? Dressing, I suppose:
It's half-past—oh, that *is* so like a man!
How could she? Yes, a pretty sight she'd look
In nothing but her petticoat and stays.
That would be—well, if you won't—no, I'll go.
I'd rather go myself.

Oh, VAL, come here!

It's Uncle JIM. Yes, Uncle JIM, I said.
You seem to think—of course I know he's dead.
I'm not a perfect imbecile. Do come!
His picture, look, from FRAME AND GILDERLEY's.
Oh, *do* be quick. You nearly drive me mad.
Here, give it me. I'll cut it.

'M yes, not bad.

They've done it pretty well. Yes, black and gold;
That's what I told them. No, indeed you didn't.
I know you said at first you wanted oak,
But—no, you never settled anything:
I'm *sure* you didn't, and, besides, of course
We couldn't possibly have had it oak;
He always hated oak. Well, anyhow
It's done.

Now *where* d'you think he ought to hang?
I know what I should like—my sitting-room.

But still I'd rather—no, dear, *you* shall choose.
It's all the same to—what? The smoking-room?
Of course! I might have known. To please yourself!
Do think of me, for once. Besides, just think—
How *could* he go with all those photographs?
So out of place—well, *prints*, then. Can't you see?
Why, Uncle Jim's in oil.

What *do* you mean?

A sardine? Uncle Jim? What *shocking* taste!
I didn't think that even . . . even you
Would make bad jokes about my poor . . . my poor—
I can't help crying. Yes, you did. *You did!*
You *meant* to be unkind. You—really, VAL!
Your language is too—well, what *did* you say?
Oh, "*hang* the picture," was it? H'm! I thought—
It sounded more like—oh! I see! But where,
Where shall I hang it? What! My sitting-room?
D'you really—no! I don't care where it goes:
Not now. You've spoilt it all. Oh, well, I will,
To please you. But another time I wish
You'd try to—Listen! There's the post again.
Yes, yes, do go, of course.

What's this? For *me*?

A present? *That's* not likely. Who's it from?
But, VAL, why should you? Oh, our wedding-day!
Why, so it is. My dear, how *nice* of you!
I'd quite forgotten.

VAL, how beautiful!

The very stones I wanted! Oh, I wish—
I *did* so want to give you something, dear.
Why didn't you remind me? Yes, I know:
I ought to have. I *am* so sorry, VAL.
I wonder what you'd really like. A kiss?
My dear, of course! As many as you like.

ON THE EVE OF THE SESSION.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

The Kennel, Barks, Tuesday Night, January 14.

PARLIAMENT meets on Thursday. Run down here to take look round before going up to town for session. On the way called in at No. 10, Downing Street, to pay respects to PRINCE ARTHUR. Found him looking very well, though, for "a child," his hair getting a little grey.

"Come in," he cried, cheerily. "Thought you were MORLEY's ghost, from the timid way you knocked at the door."

"Marley's ghost you mean," I said.

"Well, we won't quarrel about a vowel, though I'm rather up in ghosts. You heard about OLD MORALITY calling in on Christmas Eve?"



"WHEN PERSPIRATION DAMPS THE BROW,
A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU."

(Sir Walter Scott adapted to the circumstances.)

"Yes, and I was very glad to gather that you agreed with him about the futility of tinkering the Rules of Procedure. If you are going to make them workable, do it thoroughly. They were well enough as recently as PAM's day. *Autre temps, autres mœurs*; and if you really want to do business in the House of Commons, you must go about it in quite another way."

PRINCE ARTHUR yawned.

"I suppose," he said, "we shall have things livelier than they were last session. The mere comparative doesn't imply much. Seems almost impossible to get up a spurt in the present Parliament, young as its life is, counted by months. Only time anything really lively was done last session was when the police were called in to contribute to the effect. Sometimes, when I sit on Treasury Bench and think of all we as a Government with immense majority behind us have done and left undone, I find myself wishing

I was on t'other side. Think of where His Majesty's present Ministry would have been last session if GRANDOLPH had been alive, in opposition and in the flush of his young manhood, with WOLFFY before he became weighed down with State secrets, with JOHN o' GORST ere he squired GRAND CROSS or DEVONSHIRE, and myself—well, even as I am now. A session in such circumstance would be worth all my dignities and emoluments. Moreover, in a couple of sessions we should have landed the Opposition on these benches, routing out the present occupants, as in the Parliament of 1880 we broke up GLADSTONE's phalanx, almost equal in numerical strength, not nearly so vulnerable on points of policy or questions of administration."

PRINCE ARTHUR's eyes shone with the light of battle. He held himself down in his seat by sheer force, clutching with either hand the lapels of his coat.

"Well, well; no use talking. Do you think the Opposition are going to do anything this session? Has C.-B. been lunching with ROSEBURY again? Odd affair that. Why did he get himself asked? Reminds me of sober country gentleman finally making up his mind to propose to a dashing widow. Calls upon her by appointment. Is kindly but cautiously welcomed; fiddles with his gloves; remarks on the mildness of the weather for Christmas-time; wonders whether we shall really have any snow this winter; looks at his watch; remembers his train; edges towards the door; says 'Well, good-bye; so glad to have seen you,' and bolts, leaving the widow in her still lonely furrow wondering what he came to lunch for."

"I fancy the Opposition will be very much as it was, last year, only more so," I answered. "There may be Reconstruction; there can be no Reconciliation. It is an interesting but hapless Party. Just when it was beginning to get over the effects of the Great Disruption of 1886 there comes an earthquake from another, quite different, altogether unexpected, quarter, and they're all in the air again."

"No one regrets it more than I," said PRINCE ARTHUR, a tear slowly coursing down his cheek. "The best thing for the Leader of the House of Commons with an assured majority is an active, united, well-led Opposition. It serves to hold his men together, keeps the atmosphere bracing."

"Well, you have the Irish."

"Pah! it does not count, except for disorderly scenes and temporary delay of public business. Mr. REDMOND's game is too obvious. *Il faut vivre*, and, in order to obtain the means of doing so, he and his men, from safe quarters in a privileged assembly, must needs rant cheap defiance of constituted authority."

"Then, looking round 'befo' the wah,' you don't think it'll come to much?"

"Practically, no. We shall have alarms and excursions. A long fight over the new Procedure Rules. Much grumbling over the Budget when we meet the fresh account of the war that is not yet over. But there will be nothing serious. We are safe as a Government, for the best of all reasons: there is no other to take our place. Must you really? Well, good-bye. See you on Thursday."

"LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT." — The first instalment of Mr. SETON MERRIMAN's new novel in the *Weekly Graphic* thus concludes: "Captain Cable grunted audibly. (*To be continued.*)" This obviously means that in the next number the Captain will pay out another cable-length of grunt.

R. K. (*adapting himself to his own case*).—What do they know of England who do not England know?

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THE CADET'S HANDBOOK;

Or, "*The Boy's Own Treasury*" (1868 edition) brought up to date.

"Let the childish games, 'I spy,' 'French and English,' and 'Prisoners' Base,' which are old war games of scouting, capture, and re-capture, be adapted to the necessities of modern warfare. . ."
—Extract from a letter to the "*Times*," Jan. 8.]

"POUCH-BELT TOUCH."

ANY number of cadets can play at this popular game. One of the players volunteers to be "Touch," or else he is chosen to fill that office by counting out (see "Rhymes and Bugle Calls,"). Touch then endeavours to hit with his belt and, if possible, render temporarily senseless one of his playmates as they run about in all directions trying to avoid him. When a player is thus touched, the company stretcher-bearers will go through such part of their drill as may be necessary, until the cadet in question has recovered, when he becomes Touch, and in turn strives to touch one of the others. When Touch succeeds in touching another, he cries "Feign double-touch!" which signifies that the player so touched must not retaliate on the cadet who stunned or attempted to stun him, until he has belted somebody else. A capital variation is made by touching with bayonets.

"HIGH BARBAREE!"

This is a very spirited game, and, like "Widdy," is peculiarly adapted for wintry weather. Sides are chosen from the cadets, and one company or "commando" takes cover while the other remains "at home" in a blockhouse surrounded by high barbed wire (whence the name). When the former are all ready one of them calls out "High Barbaree!" upon which the blockhouse squad sally forth to scout for them. If the scouts succeed in touching a certain number of the enemy before the latter can seize and occupy the blockhouse, they take their turn in hiding. The number to be caught must be agreed upon beforehand, and of course depends upon the number of players. It is usual to mention this number in the cry, thus, "High Barbaree! three caught he!"—"four caught he!" and so forth.

"I SPY, I!"

This game differs from the above only in the rule that the commando in concealment have to touch the reconnoitring party, instead of being touched by them. When the ambushade of the former is complete, one of them cries "Whoop!" or "Charlo!" and the scouts immediately start to look for them. On effecting a discovery, the finder shouts out "I spy, I!" and he and



Diminutive "Nipper." "ERE, THIS AIN'T ARF ALL RIGHT! NEX TIME I WANTS ARF A PINT, I SHALL 'AVE TO SEND FATHER!"

his comrades double back to headquarters to escape being touched. If the commando catch a certain number of the patrol before the latter return to camp, they hide again; if not, the scouts take their turn. The touch must be effected with a sjambok, mausers or revolvers being barred, except on field days.

"PRISONERS' LAAGER."

For this famous war game two laagers are entrenched side by side, and occupied by the contending forces. At a distance of 200 feet two prison camps with barbed wire entanglements are placed respectively opposite. On de-

claration of war a lance-corporal or field-cornet of the side issuing the ultimatum runs out towards the prisons. When he has got half-way he calls out "Chevy!" or "Voetzak!" (as the case may be) at the top of his voice, at which signal an opponent rushes from his laager and endeavours to catch him before he can return. This pursuit is continued alternately until the whole of one force or the other has been captured and put under parole in the prison camps. Each cadet when about to take a prisoner cries "Hands up!" Any abuse of the white flag, or firing on an ambulance party, is dealt with by drum-head court-martial.

IDYLLS OF THE CHIEF.

V.

THE JOUSTING AT THE BRIDGE.

So on a day Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU
Drew with his faithful remnant, what there was,
To that weird battle down by Westminster.
And o'er his head, he going delicately,
The banner of the great C.-Bannermanship
Drooped; and athwart its folds the clan's device,
A sporran'd haggis fluttered, and, below,
The Campbell is a-coming ran the script.
But from his sinister arm was slung the shield
That bore for blazonry a barbed fence,
And therewithal the rede, *J'y suis, j'y reste*.
And by his side the sword *X-calibre*
(For so they styled it, since in point of proof
The blade was deemed an unknown quantity)
Swung like a pendulum; and on his flank,
As one that should beguile the Chieftain's gloom
With jest and ribald joyance, lightly rode
That loyal knight Sir LAB DE BOOM-LE-VRAI
In devious caracoles; and as he rode
Now hummed a jocund air—*Peers, idle peers*,
And now with aching midriff mused aloud
Of "forty millions, mostly flannelled fools";
So swift his fancy played.

But he, the Chief,
Heard, or heard not, and either way was deaf
To jest and ribald joyance. Yet he heard,
Or out of mist-like memory seemed to hear,
Far-off a voice that ever in his ears
Rang hollow from the trenches, crying "Spades!"
And on the word, low muttering to his heart:
"O me! for much has changed since bold Sir BRUM
Clave to the Table Round; and much again
Since I, with those four knights, Sir COP-LA-POULE,
Sir FIFE, Sir GRIS DU JEU-DE-PAUME, and him
Sir DURDANS, newly named of Chesterfield,
Rode out to break the heathen! Now I hear
How these, with others, loyal-seeming all,
Are leagued against me, while the heathen wait,
Watching the issue like a Ping-pong bye,
To rise and take the breathless victors on.
An evil chance it were for any chief
To move against his own elect and strike;
For so the pain he deals he deals himself
Two-fold or even more, which needs must be
Most painful."

Then Sir LAB, that overheard:
"What plaint is this, my Chief, of rival powers?
Light was my lord of Durdans at the best,
And under any name would be as light.
I count him but the foam that flecks the wave,
Dazzling a while, but shortly doomed to pass
Adown the wandering wind. But you, my liege,
I know you for the dark unfathomed deep
That may not easily pass."

Thereat the Chief:
"O ay, not easily pass, not easily pass,
If visions hold. Methought, a moon ago,
I jousted at the Bridge with certain churls,
And had, for mate, Sir DURDANS; and the score
(Two points to twenty-six and one game up)
Favoured the heathen slightly. Then I dealt,
And, dealing, drew a hand of five small hearts,
Topped by the ten, and all the residue
Damnably dull, and gazed thereon, and passed.
But he, the dummy, found a voice and cried,

'Spades!' and those others doubled. So we twain,
Who looked on imminent ruin, said, 'Content!'
Meaning the opposite. Whereat the foe
Led straightly forth and made a mighty slam,
And filched the rubber, smiling. Then I swore,
Saying I never more would pass the choice
To dummies like Sir DURDANS. Nay, Sir Knight,
Henceforth I shall not easily pass, not I." O. S.

AS IT WERE NOT QUITE CRICKET.

[It was generally believed that Mr. R-DY-ED K-PL-NG had started for South Africa. This is a mistake. Mr. K-PL-NG has gone to Australia, as the following letter giving his impressions of the recent Test Match at Melbourne shows. Readers of the *Islanders*, in a recent number of the *Times*, will recognise the trenchant style.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Just reached Melbourne. Raining hard. What a chance for manoeuvres for First Australian Mounted Infantry! Unhappily impossible. Rifles and lordliest life on earth must give place to preposterous cricket match.

Vast crowd of spectators. Possibly arid, but apparently not incurious. Very odd! Presently English captain appears pushing his men raw to the battle. In other words, our side in first. Around them stand a band of little people, few but apt in the field. Good fielding essential, I am told. I notice there are only eleven of them. It seems a small number! But, as events proved, quite able to dispose of our striplings, who, I am told, are street-bred.

Presently one of our flannelled fools goes to the wicket. Don't know his name, and don't care. Think games waste of time. Opposed to him stands a muddied oaf at the bowl. Silly fellow, he would be much better employed firing off spattered shrapnel for practice behind the pavilion! In the field, eleven little people above-mentioned standing about. More than one of them idle, openly idle, in the lee of the forespent line, in other words, in the slips and at long leg. Of course, we were beaten, though I don't know by how much. Didn't follow the game. Probably we fawned on the younger nations, as is our habit, and naturally the men who could shoot and drive got the best of it. Of course, it was only the balls which shot. After match exhorted our team to get Morris tubes and practise at the nets at a target. Suggestion not well received. Must refrain from witnessing further matches as am busy learning the mysteries of forming fours and advancing in open order. Yours, R. K.

FOR THE COAL SELLER.

["Speaking at West Hartlepool, Sir CHRISTOPHER FURNESS said he had reason to believe that the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplated an increase of the Coal Tax. . . . He hoped the trade and commerce of the country would unite in making a strong protest against the dangerous impost."—*Daily Paper*.]

SIR CHRISTOPHER declares that things look black
In the coal trade, and, fired with indignation,
To use his best endeavours is not slack
To screen all coals from any fresh taxation.

When such an expert argues, we admit,
None can do less than follow his suggestion,
Since no one than a FURNESS is more fit
Rightly to deal with such a burning question.

"THE ISLANDERS."—Sir Anthony Absolute, Allan Ayne-worth, Aunt Annie, Arty Arker, and Ananias Askew write to disclaim the authorship of the letter signed "A. A." that appeared in the *Times*, Tuesday, 9th inst.

THE PERFECT GUEST.

I.

THERE are only two practical arts in modern life, the art of getting money and the art of living comfortably on people who have already got it. There used to be a third, the art of living contentedly and independently without money, but that art is confessedly obsolete. By "money" I mean, of course, money enough to purchase the comforts which by our modern standard are considered necessary, such as broughams, champagne, cigars, stalls in the theatre and the society of the successful, and to procure (if desired) the respect of one's fellow countrymen. The great majority, therefore, are reduced to the second art, and must do their best to perfect themselves as guests. To them I venture to make a few suggestions for the fortunate practice of this art, inferior to the greatest, no doubt, in the consideration of the vulgar, but scarcely distinguishable, if pursued with real genius, in its results. The Perfect Guest, for example, lives in precisely the same manner as the successful money-maker, his host; often, indeed, more freely; for, whereas many men have an inborn dislike of wasting their money by the excessive assumption of good things, no man yet was so mean as to dislike wasting other people's. Moreover, if the host's wealth vanishes, which sometimes happens even out of novels, the Perfect Guest, unaffected, goes to ply his charming accomplishments elsewhere. Also, he is saved the lag of writing cheques.

My suggestions for perfection can begin only with those who are already guests. I cannot tell the uninvited man how to get invitations. Accident and a natural instinct—superior, surely, to the boasted instincts of the lower animals—for making up to people with places of their own can alone do that. But, assuming your invitation to be a fact, I will begin with first principles.

What is your main object? To obtain the utmost possible gratification of your tastes. Good. Your secondary object? So to conduct yourself that you will be asked again, or recommended to other hosts, thus extending your connection. Good again. Now, observe at the outset that these objects are correlated; a too exclusive devotion to the former may defeat the latter. A hearty man, for example, with a generous taste for wine, may complain that the butler does not take the champagne round often enough, or may check his host in rising from the table by the request for another bottle of port. It is natural and manly, but is it wise? No: the implied criticism, however kindly—for it promotes



The Rector's Daughter. "MY FATHER FEELS IT VERY MUCH, MRS. BARKER, THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY JUST BEFORE THE SERMON. DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT TRY AND STAY, IN FUTURE?"

Mrs. Barker. "I DURS'N'T DO IT, MISS. I DO SNORE THAT DREADFUL WHEN I'M ASLEEP!"

what should be the host's chief desire, the comfort of his guests—may be unacceptable to human vanity.

Again, a man fond of his ease may naturally seek the best armchair in the drawing-room after dinner and go to sleep in it. It is a beautiful, trusting action, but apt to be construed into a slight on the social talents of his society. Some men, again, dislike children, but, when a hostess suggests sending for them, to say "Curse the children" may offend maternal pride. Downright men, when asked if they would like to do this or that, are tempted simply to say

"no," but this devotion to truth may cause a house-party to hang fire. Even the appreciative actions of filling your case openly with your host's cigars, or telling a servant to pack certain of his books in your portmanteau, may prejudice you as having too acquisitive an air.

It is evident, therefore, that your secondary object imposes a certain caution or subtlety on the prosecution of your first, and here an experienced observation may be of service to you. Perpend carefully what follows in my next.

AN ÆGEAN "MONTE";

Or, A Fresh Pilgrimage for Childe Harold.

[According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a certain PYTHAGORE YEPOS YTCTIOS (*sic*), acting for a Belgian Syndicate, has obtained a ninety-nine years concession from the Chamber of Samos for a great gambling establishment in the island, in return for which he promises all kinds of local improvements. The inhabitants of Samos are seemingly to be barred the rooms.]

I.

SELF-EXILED HAROLD wanders forth again
With more of hope this time and less of gloom,
And, though his previous pilgrimage was vain,
He fortune tempts once more this side the tomb;
Some private knowledge bade his soul resume
The endless quest, and naught of failure reck,
The bankrupt's exit and the gambler's doom.
Eastward he fares, ne on a galiot's deck,
But *per* a modern steamboat that no wind may check.

II.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea
(This handy and familiar verse applies
Here to th' Ægean, now 'tis fairly free
Of pirates) in an extra Canto flies
CHILDE HAROLD, eager for his certain prize;
'Twas sure, of course, for lately he had learned—
A lord hight ROSSLYN taught him, wondrous wise—
How thousands in a minute might be earned,
And (somewhat previously) believed his luck had turned.

III.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
(Gad, how these lines *do* haunt one!), and the same
Holds good of isles—a statement I would pen
Especially of Samos, which could claim
A spring-tide and a world-resounding name
Five hundred years and more B.C., when rose
POLYCRATES of art-befriending fame,
And sage PYTHAGORAS, who could disclose
Each riddle of the Universe to whom he chose.

IV.

Concerning Samos in her time of pride
HERODOTUS, we find, is eloquent;
She had a harbour where with ease could ride
Ten thousand triremes, and, of like extent,
The fane of Hera, more magnificent
Than any shrine of Eld; but alien hands
And earth-upheavals have its splendours rent,
Till, where Colonna Cape the strait commands
Of Mycalé, but one lone headless column stands.

V.

There was a second tide (of neap degree)
In scanty Samian history, which flowed
A half-millennium later:—ANTONY
And CLEOPATRA took up their abode
Within these shores, a lurid episode
Which painted Samos red, e'en as its ware;
Dulness from then till now has been the mode,
A certain *sameness* (note this pun with care!)
Has governed matters 'neath its soft Ionian air.

VI.

Until—this point I should have reached before—
One morning fine last month the isle awoke
To find a second M. PYTHAGORE
(His surname seems a wild misprinter's joke)
Had got permission by some master-stroke
To raise—for ninety-nine years runs the lease—
A temple where the punter may invoke
The Goddess of Roulette and thus increase
The directorial revenue without surcease.

VII.

Did Karlovassi, now the premier town,
By name suggest a Monte Carlo new
For the three rogues of Levantine renown,
To wit, the Turk of Egripo, the Jew
Bred in Salonica—I'll not pursue
The proverb further, lest we should offend
Athenian friends, were this to meet their view.
Whate'er the reason, few can comprehend
Why Belgian syndicates on *this* isle should descend.

VIII.

Still, there are glorious times ahead, we hear,
For Samos—roads, a central hospital,
A steamship service straightway will appear;
PYTHAGORAS has promised, free to all,
These luxuries, soon as the drachmai fall
In his expectant coffers. "Make, then, haste,"
He cries, "responsive to the croupier's call,"
Though possibly his clients have small taste
For voyaging to islands so remotely placed.

IX.

The regulations, which seem rather rough
On Samian sportsmen, have been framed to bar
The local talent playing, and rebuff
The native hayduk, klept or palikar,
Whose aboriginal ways might cause a jar!
As for CHILDE HAROLD, I've forgotten quite
Where on the road we left him and how far
He'd yet to travel—but 'twas e'er his plight
In th' earlier Cantos to endure such oversight!

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

Blackwood's Magazine has been singularly fortunate in its contribution to the inner history of the war in South Africa. *Words by an Eye Witness*, "LINESMAN," a series of vivid word-pictures of life on the battlefield by day and by night, first appeared in its pages. The papers, which the writer modestly describes as "written hastily from the seat of war in the intervals of the events they describe," are now issued in book form (BLACKWOOD). In the current number of the venerable but virile *Maga* there appears the first of a fresh series of papers from a new pen. *On the Heels of De Wet*, it is called, and describes the birth of the brigade. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, go to bed after a good dinner, sleep soundly, and wake to find their bath and breakfast awaiting them, should not omit studying this brief record of a day's experience on the way to the front. Munching their muffin, toying with their toast, they testily turn over the morning paper and marvel why things have "gone wrong again." Here they will find, quietly told, how men who at any moment may be called upon to take sudden decision on momentous issues to fight for their lives in the midnight swoop of the enemy, pass the twenty-four hours. Half-starved, worn out with long marches, cut off from sleep and the minor comforts of the average costermonger, they daily, sometimes twice a day, lapse into battle. The anonymous author occupies only five pages. They bring the reality of the situation before the mind's eye more vividly than anything my Baronite has yet read in the long-drawn-out story of the war. Having *Blackwood* in hand, don't omit to read *Master Tartar*. Nothing so good in its way has been written since the far-off days when *Rab and His Friends* were introduced to a delighted world. Mr. CONAN DOYLE'S *History of the Great Boer War* has hitherto held the field against all comers. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, in bringing out a new edition, the thirteenth, present, without advance in price, a much bulkier volume.

Mr. DOYLE thought he had finished his task when he laid down his pen in September, 1900. The main army of the Boers was then dispersed, and, as we all remember, the Government were so certain that the War was over they straightway rushed into a general election. My Baronite finds it quite pathetic to come upon the historian sitting down thirteen months later and cudgelling his brain to find a phrase that will not clash with the position he assumed in the autumn of 1900. He explains, something after the fashion of *Benedick*, that when in September of that year he said the War was over he did not think he would live to find the Boers still fighting in October, 1901. All he meant was that we had "come to the end of the regular operation." What has followed has been sadly irregular, but demands record. This Mr. DOYLE supplies up to date, in the same vivid, impartial, condensed, yet comprehensive manner that marked his earlier effort, securing for it at once a high position among books of English history.

In *Tales of Past Times* (J. M. DENT & Co.), told by Master CHARLES PERRAULT, the Baron welcomes his dear "old friends"—they're not all here, but they will arrive, probably, a little later, say this time next year—with "new faces" and "entirely new scenery, dresses and appointments," by CHARLES ROBINSON: "Charles," be it noted, not "Jack Robinson," of whom nowadays no one ever hears. The formula used to be, "So-and-so (whatever it was) shall be done before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'" It may be that Charles has deftly stepped in and done these drawings before the dilatory Jack could even be mentioned, and so "Jack, R.A." (i.e. Robinson, Artist) lost his chance. To all who, in this materialistic age, still love the ancient simple fairy tales that bring to the recollection of most of us the "box of paints," and the delightful pleasure of lavishly daubing *Blue Beard*, *Fatima*, the *Sleeping Beauty* and the wide-awake *Beast* with the very brightest colours at our disposal, let the Baron recommend this pocketable volume which provides a rich feast and well-filled plates.

A packet personally addressed to the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS! Inclosed is—*County Court Practice Made Easy*; or, *Debt Collection Simplified*, by a Solicitor (EFFINGHAM WILSON). What a rich treat! What evenings of endless amusement! Fancy! the practice of getting into the County Court made easy! Yes, but surely, wouldn't another volume have a far greater sale were it to show how the practice of getting out of the County Court were made not only easier than getting into it but absolutely remunerative? Bless thee, "Solicitor!" Doubt-



Emmy. "WHY DOES THE CLOCK START AGAIN WHEN IT GETS TO TWELVE?"
Bobby. "BECAUSE THIRTEEN'S AN UNLUCKY NUMBER, OF COURSE!"

less thou art a legal member of some fine Old County Court Family! The County Court—

We haven't been there,
And still wouldn't go,
Much rather we'd square
Whatever we owe;

quothe the high-minded and straight-forward
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ON A RECENT EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENT.

Where Cavalier and Roundhead fought
of yore,
Worcester is once again a *see of Gore*!

Philately.

First Clubbite. What do you think of the new stamps?

Second Clubbite (an amiable person). I cannot speak very highly of the colours; the paper is a trifle too thin; and the portrait of the King has been more readily recognised; but the GUM, my dear fellow, is the best I ever tasted.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW JAPANESE G.C.B.
—"Sic Ito ad Aquas!"



Bus Driver (to charioteer of broken-down motor-car). "I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YER ALL THE WEEK TO TAKE IT 'OME, AN' NOW YER WANTS TO, YER CAWN'T!"

AWAITING RE-DRESS.

My honourable and, allow me to add (as your great services to the land forces have earned for you the professional adjective), gallant friend, kindly permit me once more to address you. It may be within your recollection that quite recently we have had the advantage—at any rate on one side—of exchanging views on the subject of the proposed alterations in the King's uniform. The communication you were good enough to publish has caused me to be overwhelmed with correspondence, and I am now in a position (certainly as regards the Reserve Officer) to voice the wishes of the Army. Simplicity

should be the order of the day—and night. Well, now as to mess kit. Why not abolish the tawdry waistcoat and the absurd (I have thirty years' service to my credit) jacket? As a substitute, why not make a few appropriate additions to civilian evening dress? A swallow-tail coat might be made quite smart by fixing the badges of the regiment on the sides of the roll of the collar, and fixing a couple of straps bearing tokens of rank over the shoulders. Regimental buttons might be worn with the waistcoat, and red stripes tacked lightly on the trousers. The Gibus might have a badge on the crown. All these additions to be possible of removal at a moment's notice.

And, there you are—ready, aye ready—and the rest of it.

As to the uniform to be worn at the front, or even on the peaceful parade ground, there need be no trouble about that. Soldiers only want cotton and serge. The sister service can do with serge alone. So when it's "fall in," let it be in "shirt sleeves."

Yours patriotically,
A. DUGOUT, Captain.

ZUIDER-ZEELAND.

[“Holland has made up its mind to dry up the Zuider Zee. The cost will be £5,000,000.”—*Leisure Hour.*]

The Zuider Zee is doomed to be
A terrain of the mainland,
The sea of DUNK, Mynheer who drunk,
Will simply be a drainland.
On south and west and east the crest
Of waves will turn to dry land,
The polder-dykes will live for bikes;
Mid cities of gone-by-land.
And railway tracks will span the cracks
Where sluices seek for outlet,
And corn will wave where once did lave
The ocean, there's no doubtlet.
On English fen the Holland men
Have left their mark unfearing,
Of work begun, of labour done,
Of noble engineering.
And shall we stand with half-held hand
To those who toil for freedom?
They call us foes! A thousand "noes!"
God speed their conquered Seadom!

LATEST FROM MONTE CARLO.

THE Earl of GOSLING left off last night with a loss of £4,500, but is still confident of success.

MR. CHICK O'LEARY BLOKE, of St. Louis, Mo., has an all-fired martingale. This evening he cabled to his native city for further supplies wherewith to carry on the warfare.

PRINCE BLITZENKOFF, the famous Russian gambler, has just arrived with a railway car full of roubles.

BARON STEINBROK, of Pomerania, tried his luck at the tables on an infallible system, and won 53 francs.

SIR GEOFFREY DUXANDRAX punted for several hours, and, after winning a handsome sum, found that the colours were against him to so great an extent that he had to borrow a few louis from his friend, the Duke of DOUBLEZERO, to enable him to leave the Principality.

THE Comtesse DE CROQUEMITAINE, Princess GRABOLINSKA, Lady MATILDA MAINCHANCE, and the Hon. Mrs. POUCHALL, are among the most recent arrivals.

Strictly Unofficial Note by the Director of the Casino.—"If this sort of business goes on we shall have to enlarge our premises. *Mem.*: See the Prince on the subject in the morning."



HEROIC CALM.

ARTHUR. "WHAT, UNCLE, NOT STIRRING YET! I HAVE SUMMONED MY SPEARMEN. ALL IS READY FOR THE FRAY."

"REOWNED SALISBURY." "CAPITAL, DEAR BOY! I, TOO, HAVE SUGGESTED TO MY FELLOWS THAT THEY MIGHT TURN UP IF THEY'VE NOTHING BETTER TO DO."

The Marquis of Salisbury's communication to the members of his Party in the House of Lords.—"MY LORD,— . . . I trust that it may be consistent with your lordship's convenience to attend in your place in the House of Lords . . . in order to dispose of any business that may be brought before you . . ."

Mr. Balfour's letter to his supporters in the House.—"DEAR SIR,—Parliament . . . will be invited without delay to proceed to the consideration of public questions of the highest importance . . ."



A PING PONG PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.
—Much as I esteem any attempt to enliven the domestic circle, I must protest against the present plague of Ping-pong. If I remember rightly it was the Great VANCE, who some years ago chortled a ditty with a refrain:

"Ping-pong for breakfast, Ping-pong for lunch, Ping-pong for dinner and tea."

Little did that magnate of the music halls imagine that he was a prophet of future events. Let me give a fair sample of what occurred in my own household on this very day. I am a profound student of English history, and I am engaged on a work of exhaustive character, proving that we ought rightly to be in possession of France. My writing table is, or ought to be, covered with authoritative treatises on the subjects, together with my own manuscripts. This morning, on going into my study (I rise early), I found my eldest daughter, MATILDA LOUISA, engaged at this precious game with her cousin THEOBALD OCTAVIUS, on my writing table, my books and writings having been ignominiously consigned to the waste-paper basket. With ill-timed pleasantry they drove me from my sanctum, and I sought refuge in the dining-room. There I found my second and third girls, MALVINA and MARIANA, engaged on the same pastime, while my breakfast was reposing in the fender, the eggs hard-cooked, the bacon fitted for the soles of shooting boots, and the coffee wasted to the consistency of furniture polish. In the drawing-room the hideous burr of the ball was occasioned by an exciting match between my wife and her sister—ladies who, while not



Master of Beagles. "GOOD GRACIOUS, YOU'VE SHOT THE HUNTED HARE, YOU FOOL!"
Old Stubbles. "FOOL! WHO BE THE FOOL, MAISTER? YOU BE CHASIN' 'ER ALL DAY
WI' ALL THEM SPOTTED DOGS, AND AIN'T KILLED 'ER, AND I KILLS 'ER WI' ONE BARREL!"

acknowledging themselves to be over forty years of age, ought to know better than to be skipping about like chamois over the footstools and rugs.

Maddened, I repaired to the kitchen. There I found Mrs. GIBLET, our cook, engaged in a similar contest, but carried out with the aid of a couple of gravy spoons and a fish basket. Her opponent was the upper housemaid, GLADYS, and the score was kept by her underling, BOADICEA, while my own particular rascal, TIMOTHY, was vigorously applauding the strokes instead of brushing my overcoat and polishing my boots. They were so absorbed in their diversion that they did not perceive my entrance. Subsequently they complained to my wife (who took their part) of my intemperate language.

I fled from my domicile and spent the rest of the day at the Zoological Gar-

dens; but I was so thoroughly impregnated with the ideas of Ping-pong mania that I rushed out of the Monkey-house believing that the inmates were playing this abominable game with nuts and apples over the wire netting of their cages. I am thinking of starting for Nova Zembla, where I believe Ping-pong is unknown,

Yours
distractedly,
HORATIO QUIBBLE.

P.S.—A suggestion to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—Couldn't Ping-pong be heavily taxed?

NASTURTIUM ARRIVES!

NASTURTIUM is a colt, and he has arrived. He is the property of Mr. C. WHITNEY, who is famous for having hired a horse from the Meux and won the Derby with it (so like an American!) The disembarkation of the colt was wit-

nessed by a vast crowd, "the chiefs of the railway and dock companies being in personal attendance."

A special train conveyed the specially-trained animal to Newmarket, and "Mr. HUGGINS's trusted representative, Mr. REYNOLDS, was in charge of the boxing of the son of *Watercress*." This means, of course, at least a Knighthood for Mr. REYNOLDS. Mr. WOOD, the Superintendent of the horse department of the Atlantic Transport Company, writes that *Nasturtium*, during his voyage in the *Minnehaha*, was under the charge of Mr. W. JARDINE, the horse-foreman of the ship. Coronation honours for Mr. JARDINE for a certainty! Inquirers at Newmarket have been informed that *Nasturtium* bore the voyage splendidly, and is in the best of health. Luckily *Nasturtium* is a horse, or he might have suffered terribly from *mal de mer*!

OUR HOLMES.

"Hence! to your 'Holmes' be gone!"—*Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 1.

As a somewhat *blasé* play-goer I may say it is very rare that the desire to see a piece twice is so strong within me as to be quenchable only by yielding to it, and by taking others to share my pleasure. Then there is a certain feeling of nervousness lest the great actor should be unequal and not up either to his own standard or to my report of him.

But such qualms as these need not trouble anyone who, having once seen WILLIAM GILLETTE as *Sherlock Holmes* in the capital melodrama of that name, now in the course of an immensely and deservedly successful run at the Lyceum, wishes to renew his acquaintance with the performance, freshen up his experience, and enjoy the genuine delight and excitement of his friends.

Mr. WILLIAM GILLETTE's impersonation of *Sherlock Holmes* is simply perfect: not a flaw can be detected in this highly-finished work. The scene in the "Stepney gas cellar" is as exciting as ever, and to those who argue that the three hired cut-throats would not have hesitated, but would have "rushed" *Sherlock* and settled him in less than five minutes, we would be inclined to quote the instances of the paid professional "murderers" in SHAKESPEARE's plays, among whom there is generally one with a tender conscience and, like *Macbeth* himself, "infirm of purpose," especially when confronted with a man whom each cut-throat personally regards with a kind of superstitious awe. Mr. W. L. ABINGDON's *Professor Moriarty* is a terribly haunting personality, and a better contrast to both Mr. GILLETTE's *Holmes* and Mr. ABINGDON's *Moriarty* than burly Mr. RALPH DELMORE's savage scoundrel, *James Larrabee*, it would be difficult to imagine. As *Sidney Prince*, HARRY PAULTON, Jun., does credit to his name. Miss CHARLOTTE GRANVILLE, as *Madge*, the handsome professional female partner in crime of *James Larrabee*, is another admirable performance; and Miss CLAIRE PAUNCEFORT, looking as though one powerful grasp from *James Larrabee*'s hand on her delicate throat would settle her for ever, still enlists everybody's sympathy, in spite of her harbouring a very unchristian spirit of revenge, which indeed is the chief cause of most of her suffering. That *Sherlock Holmes*, played as it is, should keep the boards for another year would be no matter to surprise us—only, when Sir HENRY returns from his present unprecedentedly successful tour, what is to become of the GILLETTE Co. that at present "holds the fort"?

A curious question. Why does Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE bestow Irish names on the murderous villains in this piece? First there is "*Professor Moriarty*," who is the very king of scoundrels. "*Larrabee*" sounds Irish, and Mr. RALPH DELMORE's pronunciation is surely Hibernian. The names of the three hired assassins "*Craigin*, *Leary* and *McTague*," are without doubt Irish, though the "*Mc*" smacks of Scotch. Of course, Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE is himself an Irishman, and there is the ancient proverb that "when an Irishman has to be roasted, another Irishman will always be found to turn the spit." The proof of the proverb is in this play; but let us hope it was a mere accident.

In these days, when burlesque is not regarded favourably, although not altogether considered as a lost art, a signal tribute to the exceptional success of *Sherlock Holmes* is the fairly successful attempt made at travestying it at Terry's Theatre. One of its authors is Mr. WATSON, whom his collaborateur, Mr. LA SERRE, must often have asked, "Do you follow me, WATSON?" Miss LEE's caricature of the style and make-up of the Lyceum heroine is very good, and the same may be said of Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON who cleverly reproduces some of the mannerisms of Mr. GILLETTE as the great detective, but who fails in the facial make-up, which is just *à peu près*. Nothing could be better than the caricature of *Forman* by Mr. EGERTON HUBBARD; and Mr. J. WILLES,

representing the Lyceum *Professor Moriarty*, plays the part with such real burlesque humour as to atone for the dissimilarity in appearance between him and Mr. ABINGDON. The slamming of the doors, the banging on the floor, the rattling noises "heard without," the perpetual pistols of the original, are turned to good account, while very little is made out of the incident of "following the cigar." Indeed, several evident points have been lost by these burlesque-writers. With the aid of so clever a musical director as Mr. BUCCALOSSI the authors ought to have introduced some real good "numbers" and eccentric dances, without which, coming in as surprises, it is very difficult for any burlesque to achieve genuine success. What a hit might have been made by *Sherlock Holmes* revealing his knowledge of the principal villain's real character in a song commencing "*I'll sing thee songs of Larrabee!*" The burlesque is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

THE MEMBER'S LAMENT.

"[Mr. W. H. GREENFELL, M.P., bemoans the number of societies, clubs, regattas, associations and what not to which he is expected to subscribe. The last straw is that he has been unanimously elected President of a ping-pong club."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Sing hey! for the cheque-book, and misery me!
And hey! well-a-day! for the ruined M.P.!

Cricket clubs, football clubs, tennis clubs, hockey clubs,
Running clubs, walking clubs, rowing clubs, jockey clubs,
Clubs by the hundred—all possible sorts
For all possible kinds of all possible sports,

Bee-keepers, cow-keepers,
Sheep-keepers, sow-keepers,
Dog-keepers, cat-keepers,
Mouse-keepers, rat-keepers

Institutes, halls, philanthropic societies,
Drunkards, abstainers, in endless varieties,
Look to me,
Their M.P.,

Who they fancy must be

A perennial source to supply L. S. D.

My secy., poor man, is becoming a wreck,
As he scribbles incessantly cheque after cheque;

Day and night,
Swift as light,
Little cheques he must write;
Night and day
Must I pay
Little fortunes away—

By every constituent reckoned fair prey.

But the worm, as one learns,

Eventually turns,

And even M.P.'s may at last

Be firm,
Like the worm,
And courageously squirm

When the limits of temper are past.

I've suffered it long,
This tyrannical wrong,

But when it comes down to confounded ping-pong
One is apt to use language too vivid and strong
For a member of Parliament's song.

DIFFICILIS DESCENSUS AVERNII.

PARTY with £200 Capital would like Assistance into Small Public-House.
Address, &c. [From "*The Scotsman*."]]

NOTICE IN THE WINDOW OF A SHREWSBURY PUBLICAN.—"On and after New Year's Day children under fourteen years of age can be supplied only in corked and sealed vessels."

EMPTY AWAY.

[“A Polish nobleman recently lost a fortune of over fifty thousand pounds in less than an hour’s play at the Vienna Jockey Club. . . . A public appeal for charity on behalf of poor Viennese children resulted in the collection of a few pounds.”—*Daily Pop-r.*]

POVERTY stood on the pavement—
Poverty huddled in rags—
Wrung by the moan and the whimper of pain
Of the starveling that sought her dry bosom in vain;
Poverty, sodden with pitiless rain,
Froze on the flags.

Wealth through the window she saw by the blaze
Of a comforting fire;
And Poverty, hugging her perishing child,
Longed for the warmth of the faggots high piled,
Longed for the life-giving glow with a wild,
Hungry desire;
Longed that her shivering babe might be laid
In the warmth and the shelter—and Poverty prayed:

“Sister, my sister, give ear!
And listen with pity, O Wealth!
Unthinking thou flingest away in a trice
On a turn of the cards, on a cast of the dice,
On the vainest of meaningless chances the price
Of my little one’s health.
O sister, of thy superfluity give!
The power is thine—let my little one live!”

Then Wealth from her cushions of down
Uprose and looked out through the night
On the shivering wretch at the window that whined;
And Wealth, with a shudder, drew curtain and blind
To shut out the nauseous sight;
Turned with a shrug to her cards and her play,
And Poverty, weeping, slunk empty away.

“THE ISLANDERS.”

An Interview.

IN order to throw as much light as possible on Mr. KIPLING and his latest masterpiece, *Mr. Punch* sent a Special Commissioner to interview the poet’s Pegasus. The animal, a handsome well-winged specimen of his breed, was discovered in a comfortable stall close to Printing House Square. After a few preliminary snorts expressive of surprise and anger, he consented to give his opinions on the question which is agitating the public mind.

“So you’ve come about *The Islanders*?” said Pegasus. “To tell you the plain truth, I’m getting tired of *The Islanders*. The fact is, when KIPLING started on that flight he wanted to make your flesh creep. He meant to rub it into you that you’re all a wretched, imbecile, played-out set of nincompoops, and that if you didn’t take his advice you’d have to go to the knacker’s. That’s the long and short of it. But he didn’t expect all this fuss. When he’s advised you before, you’ve all been as meek as lambs, and called him ‘Poet of the British Race,’ or ‘Singer of Imperial Destinies,’ or ‘A Ringing Voice that bids Britain rouse herself from Lethargy,’ or something of that sort; and, of course, he hoped you’d say something of the same kind this time. But you haven’t. Curious thing. I can’t make it out. We took a lot of trouble about it too. When KIPLING mounted me for this turn he did it in correct military style—took a twist of the mane round his left thumb, got his left foot well home in the stirrup, right hand on cantle of saddle, got the word and sprang up erect, waited a moment and then—whiff!—over went the right leg and away we

soared. But I remember he had no end of trouble to get his right foot into the stirrup, and his rifle got mixed up with his spectacles, and, to tell you the truth, it wasn’t a very good start. We’ve done better, and,” he added in a burst of confidence, “we’ve done worse. *The Lesson* was our worst. Ha, ha!”—he laughed a horse laugh—“that was a cropper. Everybody lent a hand in dusting his coat afterwards, but it took a long time to get him tidy.”

“Do you like these military excursions?” asked *Mr. Punch’s Man*.

“Honestly, I can’t say I do. We get so entangled with ammunition carts and big guns and Yeomanry battalions that we don’t get time to think. The fact is, KIPLING wasn’t meant for this business at all. He hasn’t got a military seat, and he can’t manage a sword or a rifle. Consequence is, last time he tried the pursuing practice (he likes that because it’s all cuts and points and no guards) he took a chip out of my off ear.”

“But how do you explain that bit about ‘flannelled fools at the wicket and muddled oafs at the goal’?” said the *Punchian* representative.

“Oh, that bit,” snorted Pegasus. “That just came in, you know. He’d got stumped for a rhyme, and stumps brought up cricket, and then he filled in with football to make the line go. He wasn’t *thinking* much just then. It was inspiration that did it, and there’s nothing like inspiration for putting you in a hole. Nice cheery place England would be if we abolished cricket and football and all the other games, and did nothing all day but drill in barrack squares. KIPLING isn’t any great hand at drill himself, if it comes to that.”

“And that unfortunate line about our ‘fawning on younger nations.’ Was that inspiration?”

“Well, no. That was liver—nothing but liver. Breakfast and lunch both disagreed with him. You’ve got an idea, I suppose, that poets eat nothing but a syllabus of whipped fairy-tales. Nonsense, my dear Sir, nonsense! Why I’ve seen a poet make away at one meal with an amount of beef and Yorkshire pudding and potatoes that would have kept a navy going for a week—ay, and plum-pudding, too, to top up with, to say nothing of beer and port-wine and Gorgonzola cheese. They’re very good doers, as a rule, but sometimes, you see, they take a bit too much, and then I get a bad time. I told him how it would be with that line about your ‘fawning’ on younger nations. ‘It’s not true, Kip,’ I said, ‘and it’s not nice, and they’ll all want to kick you for it, the younger nations just as much as the rest,’ but it was all no use. He would have it. He said he’d got to give somebody a knock, and he didn’t see why the English shouldn’t have it as well as anybody else. What can you do with a man like that? You’ve got to let him have his fling—though of course he’ll be sorry for it afterwards. And now look here. I’ve got a word or two to say to you—well, perhaps not to you so much as to some of the others. It’s their fault as much as anyone’s. They’ve all ladled out sloppy praise to KIPLING until he’s ready to burst. ‘Greatest organ voice since MILTON,’ ‘SHAKESPEARE might have been proud to welcome him at the “Mermaid.”’ ‘The embodiment of Britain’s majesty.’ ‘The authentic utterance of patriotism inspired by passion.’ That’s the sort of thing he’s been swallowing. You needn’t wonder at the poor chap getting a bit above himself—and when he’s like that I’ve got to carry him. But they never think of that, bless their souls. It’s a back-breaking job, and I don’t think I can stand it much longer. If you should happen to hear of some nice kind lady who likes writing quiet religious verse and wants a sound horse to carry her, I wish you’d recommend me. That sort of place would suit me down to the ground.” And with this *cri du cœur* Mr. KIPLING’S Pegasus declared our interview closed.

SHAKSPEARE'S ESSAYS.

[Now that Mrs. GALLUP, aided and abetted by Mr. W. H. MALLOCK, has restored to us the plays of BACON, Mr. Punch feels it to be his duty to give to the world SHAKSPEARE'S Essays. It will astonish no one who has studied Mrs. GALLUP'S conclusions to find that these essays, in parts, curiously resemble those of BACON. For if BACON wrote SHAKSPEARE'S plays, why in the name of all that is biliteral should not SHAKSPEARE have written BACON'S Essays?]

I.—OF PLAYS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

He that hath composed dramas hath given hostages to fortune. For if the multitude praise him, the critical will commonly condemn. Nay, there have been that did conceal their plays, or were thought to have so done, under the style and cognizance of another, lest they be shamed. Yet was their concealment soon transpierced. Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy or wisdom. It doth but beget in ladies from America a zeal for discovery. The which prompteth to so nice a study of texts and folios as truth (or a colourable imitation thereof) is in the end brought to light.

There be that do find the speculations of elderly ladies highly diverting. But to the author not so. An Aunt is a kind creature in itself, but it is a shrewd thing in a literary controversy. And when a lady doth set to prove that black is white it shall go hard with logical *formule*. The Grecians have a saying that SOCRATES made the worse argument appear the better. Even so doth she.

For the remedies there may be some general preservative whereof we will speak. As for the just cure, it shall be found only at Hanwell.

It may be said of such an one that he is a man unlettered, having little Latin, and of Greek no whit. How should he write plays? Whence hath he lore of law and medicine, of history and of science? But there be handbooks. And a man may learn by enquiry of another, giving to him the price of half-a-pint. So shall the dramatist acquire such matters as be necessary, as the names of battles and of Kings and an imperfect understanding of legal phrases. Moreover, where no copyright is, he may steal freely from others, appropriating their plots and embellishing them.

Yet shall the playwright, working on this fashion, fall into error so as he shall write of the sea-coast of Bohemia, Bohemia lying inland and having no sea-coast. But these things, as MACHIAVEL noteth well, ought not to be cavilled at.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said at the beginning, he that writeth dramas must endure with philosophy the investigations of talented ladies. Being of humble estate he



SCENE FROM THE POST OFFICE PERFORMANCE.

Abanazar (the Postmaster-General). "NEW STAMPS FOR OLD ONES!"

[The King's Head stampage introduced at the beginning of the year.]

must not murmur should his works be taken from him and given to a Lord Chancellor. Being himself sane he must bear with the lunatick fancies of others. And, though his words be twisted into crazy anagrams and his dramas be made a source of scandal about Queen ELIZABETH, he must not complain. Generally, let the wise man ignore the bee that buzzeth in another's bonnet.

II.—OF CIPHERS.

A Cipher in Arithmetick is naught. Hence it is that when a theory is built up out of arrangements of italic and distinctions of type (which latter exist but in the imagination), it is called a cipher. For indeed it is nothing. As though a man from the poems of HOMERUS should by an anagram educe the dates of the Kings of England.

It hath been oftentimes debated whether it were better that a man be a worse fool than he look, or look a worse fool than he is. Certainly the choice lacks facility. So it is with ciphers. It may be doubted whether it is better they should be more idiotic than they appear or appear more idiotic than they are. For it is a ridiculous thing and fit for satire to persons of judgment to see what shifts these cipher-makers have, and what prospectives to make superficies to seem body that hath depth and bulk.

These things are but toys, but the many will affect them. Thus the Mark of the Beast is the number 999. And it might be thought that few names would be found so as they would, when reckoned in the Grecian manner, amount to just this number. But this is not so. For ingenious reckoners, by juggling with the values of the letters, or perchance by the suppressing of a syllable, have found that JULIUS CÆSAR, General BONAPARTE, the Emperor NERO, and the late Madame BLAVATSKY do all coincide with and make up this number. And so do many others whose names need not be set down here.

Also experience sheweth that two are required to make a cipher. For if but one make it and he have no follower the world will not heed. This was made plain in a recent controversy wherein one MALLUP did very hotly defend a cipher from them that cavilled thereat. Whereupon arose one GALLOCK to support the maker of this cipher. So that the world was mightily moved by this agreement, wondering that there should be two persons under the vault of Heaven to favour such antick theorisings. Whereas the truth stands that there was but one, and his name was probably GAMALLUP.

Finally, all sane persons should eschew ciphering and such gauderies. For SENECA wisely sayeth that they in the end undermine the intellects of many commiserable persons.



"A BIT O' SHEFFIELD."

"WHER 'ST BIN, JOONIE?"

"AH BIN OONTIN ON ORS-BARCK!"

ROUND THE PRIVATE PANTOMIMES.

ACCORDING to the *Liverpool Daily Post* the Marquis of ANGLESEY has been giving, in his little "Gaiety" theatre at Anglesey Castle, a Christmas pantomime, and himself took a leading part in the performance.

No doubt the example of his lordship will shortly be followed by other members of the peerage, and perhaps by well-known public men also. The female parts will possibly find, as in the days of SHAKESPEARE, male impersonators, and ere long we may be reading in our morning paper items of news on the lines of the following:—

"At the Chatsworth Theatre last evening there was presented the pantomime of the *Sleeping Beauty*. The

name-part was taken by the Duke of D-V-N-SH-RE, who played as to the manner born. The Duke was in the course of the evening loudly applauded for his song, "*What do I know about anyfink? Why, nuffink!*"

The *Old Woman who lived in a Shoe* is being given during the week at the Hatfield Theatre. Needless to say the part of the *Old Woman* is taken by the Marquis of S-L-SB-RY, and concerned in the performance are also the Earl of S-LB-RNE, Lord CR-NB-RNE, the Brothers B-LF-R—whose graceful movements excited general admiration—and Lord H-GH C-C-L, who brought down the house with his song, "*The Higher it goes the Fewer.*" The Marquis of S-L-SB-RY during the evening rendered "*Mary was a Housemaid*" in his most pleasing manner.

The Empire Theatre, Highbury, has recently been the scene of a pantomime revival of the highest artistic excellence. The story to which was given so beautiful a setting was that of *Jack the Giant Killer*. Mr. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N's impersonation of *Jack* left nothing to be desired, he being especially good in the scene in which the giant (played by Mr. P-W-L-L-W-L-MS and Mr. A-ST-N CH-MB-RL-N, the former standing upon the shoulders of the latter) is slain. The giant, it was noticed, wore a German uniform, this delightfully piquant idea no doubt being due to Mr. CH-MB-RL-N, whose happy feeling for the appropriate is well known. Many hearts were lost to the *Fairy Queen* (played by Mr. J-SSE C-L-L-XGS), whose truly regal beauty enraptured everyone. Immediately upon the death of the giant, Mr. CH-MB-RL-N, standing upon that unfortunate's body, sang with great expression the well-known song, "*Let 'em all come,*" the whole house joining in the chorus. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE was not present.

Dick Whittington, at the Theatre Mentmore, has been drawing crowded audiences. Lord R-S-B-RY, whose appearance as *Dick* was a great success, was well seconded by his GREY cat. Thunderous was the applause as *Dick*, attired as a simple rural person, is seen to turn again towards London. A new song, specially written for the Mentmore production and entitled "*The Primrose shall grow once again by the Thames.*" was most kindly received.

DISTINCTION.

"HAIL! you whose honoured brow is girt
With bays that conquerors wear!
Of what achievement or desert
The glory do you bear?"

"Has prowess in the hard-fought fight
Brought you a hero's fame?
Or have you won the strenuous right
An athlete's prize to claim?"

"Have you by intellect attained
A goal worth striving for?
Since noble triumphs may be gained
At peace, no less than war."

"No warrior I, with martial breast
By lust of glory fired;
No student's meed did I contest
By scholar's craft acquired."

"No! but the action I have done
Earns laud of hand and lip,
Both near and far—for I have won
The Ping-pong championship."

QUERY.—If "fine feathers make fine birds" (is the hypothesis admitted?), do "fine verses make fine poets," or do "fine poets make fine verses"? Solve me this problem if you can, and oblige,
A DISTICH VISITOR.